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Twenty-Second Regiment

Indiana Volunteers.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH

OF THE

Twenty-Second Regiment

INDIANA VOLUNTEERS,

FROM ITS ORGANIZATION TO THE CLOSE OF THE WAR,

ITS BATTLES, ITS MARCHES, AND ITS HARDSHIPS,

ITS BRAVE OFFICERS AND ITS

HONORED DEAD.

READ AT THE RE-UNION OF THE REGIMENT HELD AT COLUMBUS, IND.,

MARCH 7, 1877.

BY LIEUT. R. V. MARSHALL,

OF MARTINSVILLE, IND.

[Extract from minutes of 22nd Ind. Regiment.]

MADISON, IND., Sept. 19, 1884.

On motion of comrade Davis, a committee of three was appointed to ascertain the cost of publishing, in pamphlet form, the address delivered by Lieut. R. V. Marshall, at Columbus, on March 7th, 1877, and the chair appointed Messrs. Davis, Hendricks and Gavitt as said committee.

The committee reported that 1,000 copies, in pamphlet form, could be printed for a reasonable amount.

After discussion, Secretary Hendricks was empowered to have 1,000 copies of said address prepared by the next annual meeting.

PAUL HENDRICKS, Sec'y.

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HISTORICAL SKETCH

OF THE

TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT

INDIANA VOLUNTEERS.

Brothers and Comrades, Friends and Fellow-Citizens:

Following close upon the peaceful solution of those exciting and momentous political events which have convulsed and periled the peace and harmony of our common country from one extremity to the other for the past four months, comes in fitting time and manner this re-union of the 22d Indiana Volunteers.—one of the early regiments of the State, two companies of which came from this goodly city of Columbus and Bartholomew county. We meet to clasp hands, to look into each other's faces, to renew the friendships of a four years' service in the cause of the country of our birth or adoption, sanctified and cemented by the terrible conflicts of battle, the dangers of the skirmish, the sufferings of the march, and the uncertainties of the tented field.

The elements out of which the Twenty-Second Regiment of Indiana Volunteers were formed, consisted of about 1,200 men, who, under company officers of their own selection, rendezvoused at Camp Noble, North Madison, from the 10th to the 15th of July, 1861. According to designation of the Gover-

nor of the State, most of the companies, and nearly all the men, came from the territory at that time comprising the Third Congressional district. The commandant of the camp was a Colonel Warthen, who probably expected to be commissioned Colonel of the new regiment when organized, but being disappointed in this, committed suicide by shooting himself about the 5th of August. On the 27th day of July, the United States mustering officer, Lieut. Col. Wood, came into camp, inspected the men by companies, accepted such as seemed to possess the requisite qualifications for active service in the field and rejecting all who, from personal appearance, or who, from information, were unfit for the life or duties of a soldier. Of the latter there were many who were manifestly physically and mentally incapacitated; others, mentally sound, zealous and patriotic, anxious to enter the service of their country, yet were too old or too young. Many of these shed tears of regret when directed to stand aside. A few who were accepted by the mustering officer, declined to take the oath and be mustered into the service. These were at once drummed out of the camp amid the jeers and insults of their quondam comrades. The non-commissioned officers and privates were duly sworn, the muster rolls made out, the men uniformed, equipped with haversacks, canteens and knapsacks. In a few days thereafter we were visited by Governor Morton, who delivered a patriotic address, closing with a powerful appeal to the sons of Indiana to hasten to the field and rescue our common country from the terrible danger that threatened the life of the nation. He told us marching orders were awaiting us. Before leaving Camp Noble, the ladies

of Madison prepared and tendered a magnificent and sumptuous dinner to the men composing the regiment. On the 15th of August, orders came to march immediately to Missouri by way of Indianapolis. On reaching the State Capitol we were supplied with tents, which were pitched in the western part of the city. The rolls were finally completed by mustering in the commissioned officers of the companies and regiment, the latter as follows: Colonel, Jeff. C. Davis; Lieut. Col., John A. Hendricks; Major, Gordon Tanner; Adjutant, Charles L. Holstein, jr.; Quartermaster, Emory Bradley; Surgeon, Benj. F. Newland; Assistant Surgeon, Joseph A. Stillwell.

The following were the company officers at the organization of the regiment:

JENNINGS COUNTY—CO. A.

Captain, Michael Gooding; 1st Lieut., Leonard Ennis; 2nd Lieut., David Ennis.

JACKSON COUNTY—CO. B.

Captain, Thos. B. Tanner; 1st Lieut. Jas. M. Lewis; 2nd Lieut., Jno. F. C. Tanner.

BROWN COUNTY—CO. C.

Captain, Jas. S. Hester, who afterwards became Lieut. Col.; 1st Lieut., W. W. Browning; 2nd Lieut., Will A. Adams.

CLARK COUNTY—CO. D.

Captain, David W. Dailey, 1st Lieut., Wm. H. Ratts; 2nd Lieut., I. N. Haymaker.

BARTHOLOMEW COUNTY—CO. E.

Captain, Josiah Wilson; 1st Lieut., Wm. H. Snodgrass; 2nd Lieut., Samuel H. McBride.

SWITZERLAND COUNTY—CO. F.

Captain, E. A. Stepleton; 1st Lieut., Jno. S. Roberts; 2nd Lieut., S. S. Marquis.

BARTHOLOMEW COUNTY—CO. G.

Captain, Squire Isham Keith; 1st Lieut., Wm. M. Wiles; 2nd Lieut., James McGrayel.

SCOTT COUNTY—CO. H.

Captain, P. H. Jewett; 1st. Lieut., Thos. Shea; 2nd Lieut., Wm. Powers.

MONROE COUNTY—CO. I.

Captain, Daniel Lunderman; 1st Lieut., J. O. McCollough; 2nd Lieut., A. R. Ravenscroft.

JEFFERSON COUNTY—CO. K.

Captain, Richard H. Litson; 1st Lieut., Perry Watts; 2nd Lieut., Robert K. Smith.

On the 17th day of August the 22nd Indiana, numbering 1,040 men, rank and file, including a silver cornet band of choice musicians, marched by rail from Indianapolis and arrived at St. Louis the day following. Our regiment was soon to become a portion of the army of the south-west, and destined to take an active part in the exciting events transpiring in that department. While crossing the Mississippi upon a magnificent steamer, an artist belonging to one of the companies sketched the boat, crowded as it was by the entire regiment, and sent the drawing to Harper & Bros., New York, where it was reproduced and published in their weekly Journal of Civilization. Disembarking from the steamer, the regiment marched through the streets of St. Louis and encamped in the vicinity of the city for ten days, during which time we drew arms from Jefferson Barracks, and were joined by the Eighth Indiana, under Col. Benton, and the Twenty-Fifth Indiana, under Col. Veatch.

The south-west part of Missouri, a few weeks previous to this time, had been the theater of strife, and

many skirmishes and some severe engagements between the Federal and Confederate forces had already taken place. Carthage, Booneville and Wilson's creek had become historic. The latter, consecrated by the blood of the brave General Lyon and scores of his gallant troops, as also the former were in the possession of the confederates, who, flushed with temporary success, were concentrating a powerful army at Springfield, from whence they made frequent demonstrations against Rolla and Jefferson City, their real objective point, as subsequently appeared, being Lexington, 125 miles above the capital on the Missouri river.

Marching by rail from St. Louis, Aug. 26, we soon arrived at Jefferson City, where an attack from the enemy was expected. The 18th Indiana, Col. Pattison, which had preceded us, the 8th, 22nd and 26th, were organized into a brigade, Col. Davis, commanding the post as well as the brigade, necessarily detached him from his own regiment, leaving the 22nd in command of Col. Hendricks. For three weeks the troops remained here, constantly engaged in field manoeuvres and receiving military instruction. General Fremont, commander of the department, receiving information that Col. Mulligan, then at Lexington, with 300 men, was closely besieged by the forces under General Price, ordered the troops at Jefferson City to march without delay to his relief. As it was reported to be a case of emergency, the troops packed their baggage and hastily embarked on board of transports and steamed off up the Missouri river, leaving Jefferson City on the night of the 18th of September. Five companies of the 22nd had marched by land to Booneville. The remaining five companies, with as many of the 18th Indiana, all

under command of Col. Hendricks, shipped on the large transport War Eagle. The remaining companies of the 18th joined the 26th Indiana on board of the Iatan, under command of Col. Wheatley.

The 19th of September was a beautiful, clear day, the transports made fair headway up the rapid current of the great Missouri. Expectation and speculation were rife among both officers and men as they sat in crowded groups, with arms in hand, in the cabins or upon the decks. Would we be able to reach Lexington in time to relieve the besieged garrison? If so, was it not probable that the struggle would be desperate and the loss of life in a corresponding degree? Such were the thoughts and reflections that forced themselves upon the mind. The novelty of the situation, the constant variation of the steamers as they steamed the shifting currents, the grand and beautiful scenery of this far-famed river—all these passed as objects of secondary importance, or of trifling interest compared with the momentous enterprise in which we were engaged.

Passing Booneville in the forenoon and receiving on board the five companies of our regiment who had marched thither by land, from rumors and the reports of scouts, our commanding officers became apprehensive that the boats might be fired upon from the bluffs of the river or the dense thickets and woods, which in places lined the shores, affording excellent opportunities and favorable coverts of the attack of guerrilla bands or larger detachments of the enemy, ordered a heavy guard to stand at arms upon the hurricane decks and the gunners to be in readiness to man the single howitzer which stood charged upon the lower deck of each steamer. The

afternoon passed; night came on and no hostile demonstration was made. At Glasgow, on the north side of the river, a small Confederate force was said to be stationed. Toward 9 o'clock in the evening, we had approached within two miles of the place. It was deemed hazardous to proceed further in the night, as the near approach to Lexington and close proximity to the lines of the enemy, rendered us liable to be ambushed at any moment. Orders were given to land the boats and await the coming of morning. The 26th Indiana was half a mile in advance. Each boat tied up on the north side of the river and threw out a strong picket and reserve, the line of each being that of a semicircle, the right and left resting upon the river, above and below, covering and protecting the approach to each boat, which occupied the center of the semicircle. The fatal disaster that followed was the result of a military blunder in not connecting these picket lines when established by the proper officers. Satisfied, as he professed to be, that Glasgow was held only by a small force, guarding a considerable quantity of Confederate stores and munitions of war, and that there was a sum of \$75,000 in the vaults of the bank at that place, Maj. Tanner requested permission of Col. Hendricks to be allowed to take a detachment of 500 men, proceed by land up the river in the night, surprise and capture the town. Col. Hendricks, who was a cautious, prudent man, at first refused. Tanner, who was brave, ambitious and longed for an opportunity to distinguish himself, urged his request, till at length, Colonel Hendricks reluctantly yielded his better judgment, told Maj. Tanner to select five companies and march at once. Choosing three from the 22nd

and two from the 18th, Tanner himself at their head, disembarked from the boat, proceeded through a large field of corn, the detachment entered the woods, and by order of the Major halted a few moments in order to close ranks, and just as the order to right face and move forward had been given, a heavy volley of musketry, apparently not over sixty yards distant, was fired into the advancing column. Major Tanner fell from his horse mortally wounded. Orders were given to return the fire, which was immediately done. A desultory and rambling fire was kept up, as nearly as I could estimate, for five or ten minutes, before it was discovered that the firing came from the picket and reserve of the 26th Indiana, and that our detachment was returning the same. The general impression among officers and men at the time was that we had fallen into an ambuscade of the enemy; nor was this impression entirely removed from the minds of many till late in the afternoon of the succeeding day. Shocked and horrified at the spectacle presented, an order was given to collect our dead and wounded and return to the boat, the expedition being abandoned, Major Tanner and W. A. Coffman mortally and Hugh R. Butler severely wounded, of the 22nd, were carried by details and placed upon cots on board the boat. As we counter-marched we passed the two companies of the 18th, where, by the dim light of the moon, we saw two dead and three wounded. By midnight order and quiet were restored. The picket lines had been connected. A lesson, though a costly one, had been learned. The 22nd lost five killed and eight wounded. Sometime before day, information came that Mulligan either had surrendered or was surrounded

by such an overwhelming force as to render all efforts to relieve him fruitless. At 3 o'clock a. m. the War Eagle dropped down six miles to Arrow Rock, and at day light proceeded still further, and at noon rounded to at Booneville, where we heard authentic intelligence of the capitulation of Mulligan and the fall of Lexington. The dead body of Coffman was carried from the boat and buried at Booneville. Maj. Tanner, Butler and others wounded were sent forward to the hospital at Jefferson City, where five days afterward the Major died. Gordon Tanner was a lawyer by profession, a man of high order of talent, and had been Reporter of the Supreme Court of Indiana. He was of medium size and height, of good personal appearance, bilious temperament, precise in all his movements and manners, and had he lived would doubtless have become a distinguished officer. His remains were taken to the capitol of his State, where they were buried with the highest civic and military honors.

The surrender of Mulligan with 3,000 men and all the military stores, was a heavy blow to the Federal cause in Missouri. For some days succeeding, Booneville, Jefferson City, and even St. Louis felt the alarm. General Price, however, contented himself with making a few demonstrations only on our advanced posts, by way of covering his retreat to Springfield, whither he moved his troops and captured booty. General Fremont at once commenced to organize a powerful army to attack the enemy, wherever found, determined, if possible to drive him from the State, and to re-establish the Federal authority throughout Missouri. The command soon marched from Booneville to Otterville, on the Pacific railroad,

thence to Sedalia, near which place the regiment remained encampment till the 20th of October, when it joined the forces of General Fremont, then on their march to Springfield. Davis' division, including the 22nd, crossed the Osage at Warsaw. Hard marching over the dusty roads brought us to Springfield on the 1st of November. Greatly outnumbered by the forces of General Fremont, Price withdrew, retreating towards Arkansas. While, either meditating a rapid pursuit or some other course, an order reached General Fremont at head quarters, relieving him from command and placing General Hunter in his stead. In a few days orders were given for the entire army to countermarch and return to our former positions on and along the Pacific railroad, the base of supplies, whither we arrived before the 20th of November. Very few members of the 22nd will ever forget the Blackwater expedition in Missouri in December, 1861. For several days in succession the marching was hard and the excitement intense. General Pope commanded, but all the honor and success of the affair really belonged to General Davis. With a few companies of cavalry a little in advance of the infantry, he intercepted and captured 1,200 Confederate recruits, who were encamped near Milford, on the Blackwater, and en route to join Price at Springfield. The next day we marched them to the railroad, near Georgetown, and from thence sent them by rail to the military prison at St. Louis. This secured for General Davis the commission of a Brigadier-General. The bravery and fortitude exhibited by Rev. E. P. F. Wells, a private in the ranks, secured for him the appointment of Chaplain by unanimous recommendation of the commissioned officers of the regiment.

It was then understood that active operations would be suspended until spring, and that the army would go into winter quarters. General Halleck came on as department commander, and General Curtis as commander of the army of the south-west, with instructions to reorganize the troops and take the field at once. Our tents at Otterville were struck January 26, 1862, and the second time we took up the line of march for Springfield, crossing the Osage at Linn creek. In four days a junction was formed with General Curtis at Lebanon. The army was now 12,000 strong, in four divisions, commanded respectively by Gens. Davis, Seigel, Osterhaus and Carr, including five batteries of six guns each and a few sections of flying artillery. The Confederates, reported at about the same numbers, held the city of Springfield, and it was understood that the final struggle which would determine either the Federal or Confederate supremacy in south-west Missouri was about to take place. On the evening of Feb. 11th, our advance encountered and drove in the outposts of the enemy within seven miles of Springfield. Early next morning our columns were put in motion. Deploying to the right and left of the main road, our forces moved carefully and cautiously through the prairies and fields. Two miles this side of Springfield the main road passes through a skirt of timber and underbrush of considerable extent, shutting off the view from the open ground and the town beyond. In this timber we expected to encounter the enemy. Arriving within half a mile of this, our line of battle was formed, artillery placed in position and a strong skirmish line of riflemen advanced to draw their fire and thus develop the position of the enemy. As the

skirmishers moved forward all eyes were eagerly turned toward the woods. On went the skirmishers till they reached the edge of the timber, when a shout of triumph resounded along the entire line. No enemy was there. Springfield was evacuated. Not deeming it safe to risk a battle, Gen. Price withdrew, and in two hours thereafter the flag of the 22nd Indiana was floating from the dome of the court house in the plaza of Springfield. Price with his army retreated rapidly toward Arkansas. Curtis' army commenced a vigorous pursuit. While Gen. Davis' division followed close in pursuit of the enemy, who had taken the main road to Fort Smith by way of Fayetteville, Arkansas, Gen. Seigel's division moved to the left, taking a shorter route, hoping to intercept the enemy and if possible bring on an engagement. Every day there was a sharp skirmish between our advance and the rear guard of the enemy, till reaching Sugar creek, in Arkansas, our advance pressed him so closely that Gen. Price formed a line of battle, seeming determined to fight. While our forces were forming and moving into order, Price again withdrew. Had Davis not been delayed two hours, waiting for Seigel's division to come up and form a junction with the other forces, there would doubtless have been a battle at this place. Seigel, learning too late, that he had been betrayed by his guide, hung him to a tree and made haste to come up. Price continued his retreat to Boston mountains, where he was soon reinforced by McCulloch and Van Dorn, Rains and Steele, McIntosh and Albert Pike, with 2,000 Cherokee Indians, making a force in the aggregate of 30,000 men, all under command of Van Dorn. This combined army commenced moving northward for the purpose of attacking Gen.

Curtis, whose force was encamped on Sugar creek on the Springfield and Fort Smith road, immediately south of Pea Ridge, near Elkhorn Tavern. A citizen of Arkansas, at the peril of his life, came through the Confederate lines and brought information of the strength and approach of the enemy. This man remained with the Union army for protection till it left the State of Missouri the following summer. The main line of Gen. Curtis' army was advantageously posted on the northern heights of Sugar creek, here flowing westward toward the Indian Nation, overlooking the valley on the south, up which the road ran till it turned northward, leaving the valley of the creek almost at a right angle. This angle was occupied by a farm house and outbuildings, which were torn down, and a six gun battery planted there, designed to sweep the road and valley below. Gen. Carr's division was placed in reserve on the Springfield road beyond Elkhorn Tavern. Seigel's division was thrown forward to Bentonville, nine miles southwest, to meet the advance of the enemy, engage him, retard his progress, falling back by degrees, and if possible, draw him within range of our favorable position. Early on the morning of the 6th of March, the advance of the two armies met near Bentonville, and skirmishing began. The cannonading could be distinctly heard, sounding nearer and nearer as their heavy columns pressed forward, and Seigel fell back. Toward the middle of the afternoon the firing seemed to slacken. Our forces did nobly. Scores of the enemy fell at every turn of the road. Seigel's rear nearly joined the lines of our chosen position, when the Confederates, doubtless apprised of the situation, ceased to follow, turned to the left, and early

on the morning of the 7th, made a vigorous attack upon Col. Carr, in the rear at Elkhorn Tavern. At the same moment information came from our pickets that McCulloch, with the Texas Rangers and Louisiana troops, Pike and McIntosh with their Indians, were moving on our right rear. Under orders, leaving a few companies of the 8th Indiana to hold our works, Davis and Osterhaus' divisions changed front and advanced rapidly through the village of Lee-town, and in twenty minutes found ourselves engaged with the advance cavalry of the enemy, who recoiled under our well directed fire, and, finding themselves in the presence of infantry, immediately turned and retreated. One of Osterhaus' batteries immediately wheeled into position, the 22nd supporting, and opened fire. In a few minutes the batteries of the enemy opened in reply. The cannonading now resounded like heavy and continued peals of awful thunder. Shot and shells screamed through the air, bursting and scattering their fragments in every direction. Grape and canister rattled through the trees seemingly thick as hail stones. Supporting a battery, which for a time drew the concentrated fire of the enemy's right wing, our position was one of terrific exposure. A ten pound shell from the enemy's battery took off the head of Corporal Alfrey in the front rank, passed through the neck and shoulders of his cousin, a private in the rear rank, and, without exploding, buried itself in the breast of Lt. Watts, of company K, killing all three instantly. This terrible artillery duel, more demoralizing than destructive, only presaged the more desperate conflict just at hand. The opposing forces of the two armies at last confronted each other in deadly strife. A few

changes in the lines, an advance here, a closing up there. Onward came the Confederate columns, confident in superiority of their numbers. Their right struck the left of the 22nd. Volley after volley of musketry followed in rapid succession. The engagement became general. The deafening crash of musketry and artillery was indescribable. Good men and true were being killed and wounded on all sides. The left of the regiment was being pressed back by superiority of numbers. Acting as aid to Col. Hendricks, he directed me to proceed to the right, go to Col. Pattison, of the 18th, commanding the brigade, report the situation, request support, and return with orders. This was the last time I ever saw Col. Hendricks alive. He was on foot, in his proper place, closely observing every movement, looking well to his lines and delivering his orders in person, exhorting his men to be deliberate and courageous. His orderly stood near holding his horse. Adjutant Powers had already gone to the relief of the left wing, and was still absent. I found Col. Pattison with the 18th Indiana two hundred yards to the right, the right of the 22nd and the left of the 18th being closely engaged with the enemy at short range—in fact a sheet of fire, volumes of smoke and the incessant roar of musketry, almost stifled our senses and shut out the light of the sun. Col. Pattison was dismounted, looking through the smoke and brush. “Tell Col. Hendricks,” said he, “to hold his position—to move only as the 18th moves, and to act in conjunction with it.” Returning toward the point at which I had left Col. Hendricks, after proceeding half way, I met his orderly, who stated that Colonel Hendricks was killed, the left wing outflanked and

in confusion. I soon met Captains Shea, Litson and Taggart who confirmed the statement and were actively engaged in endeavoring to restore order and re-establish the line. Major Daily, who had been with Col. Pattison, here came up, assumed command of the regiment, and, aided by the brave and heroic efforts of the company commanders and enlisted men, and prompt support of the 18th, the lines were soon restored, a battery on our left that had been captured and turned down our lines, retaken, the enemy driven back and in a short time completely routed, leaving the field with their dead and dying in our possession. Generals McCulloch and McIntosh were both killed in front of our brigade. The artillery completely demoralized the Indians, who proved almost useless in the close fighting, and who, with thousands of others, upon the loss of their leaders, stampeded, turned about and started back in the direction whence they came. Our front was cleared. At sundown Seigel's division, held in reserve, passed through our columns, over the bloody field and took position on Col. Carr's left. The fighting in Carr's front had been obstinate all day. The Confederates had driven his division below Elkhorn and across a field one-third of a mile in width, when night put an end to the strife, only to be renewed on the following day. Tired and weary we lay down to rest. Night seemed to set in at once. At midnight Davis' division moved one and a half miles and was posted on Carr's right. At daylight our whole army was in line fronting the Confederate hosts, who, elated with their partial success in driving Carr back the previous day, and gaining possession of Elkhorn, counted upon the certain defeat and capture of the army

of the south-west. As soon as dawn appeared on the morning of the 8th, their artillery commenced shelling our baggage camp and the springs from whence our supply of water was obtained. Their sharpshooters began picking off our gunners and shooting down the battery horses. Hundreds of our men and many officers became discouraged, and thought the day would soon be lost. Our communication with Springfield and the north was cut off. It was whispered that Gen. Curtis himself considered the situation desperate. The general officers resolved to risk all and break their lines or to perish in the attempt. Seigel and Davis were particularly active. The former assumed command of all the artillery, and arranged battery after battery in line till thirty pieces, six and twelve pound guns, were in position bearing on the enemy's lines. Our infantry supported these—in some cases lying down a few paces in advance. The position of the Confederate artillery and line had already been developed. Their extreme right battery firing into our camp and springs had had been particularly annoying. By eight o'clock everything along our lines were in readiness. Orderlies passed down and up encouraging the men. Rumors were circulated that Lane and Hunter from Fort Scott were hastening to our relief with 7,000 men. At a given signal our batteries, one after another, opened on the enemy, concentrating the fire of the whole park on their right. Theirs replied, but ranged along our whole line. The earth trembled, the trees shook and all nature seemed convulsed. In thirty minutes their right battery was silenced. No human courage could stand the fire which belched forth from Seigel's cannon. The

crowded ranks of the enemy were decimated and the battery horses shot at their guns, but the Confederates stood bravely at their posts. The next battery of the enemy now received the undivided attention of Seigel till it ceased to reply. Another and another was silenced in close succession and our guns turned upon the last, when the order was given for both artillery and infantry to advance across the fields, the infantry to fix bayonets and charge the woods beyond. Moving cautiously forward, sometimes before and again behind our batteries, which still poured their murderous fire into the enemy's ranks, facing and meeting their straggling fire in return, on nearing the woods our whole infantry line fired a volley and raising a mighty yell from one end of the command to the other, rushed forward, met with little further resistance, and in twenty minutes and by twelve o'clock on the 8th, the great struggle that settled the destiny of affairs in South-west Missouri, and broke the Confederate power in all the adjacent country, was ended; the enemy had fled, the battle of Pea Ridge was fought and won, and the Union forces triumphant.

No pen or tongue can adequately describe the scene that followed. As the venerable Curtis, the brave and intrepid Davis, Seigel and Carr rode down the lines with their hats waiving aloft, congratulating the officers and men upon their well earned victory, they were greeted with enthusiastic cheers and manifestations of gratitude. And notwithstanding the Confederate dead and dying lay thick upon the field, our men could not restrain their feelings of exultation and joy at this great deliverance. They shouted, shook hands, embraced each other, huzzahed for the Union and the glorious old flag till the welkin rang. I could compare the scene to nothing more fitting than a powerful camp meeting revival of the days of yore.

The Confederates abandoned several of their heaviest pieces of artillery, threw down thousands of their small arms, a great deal of their baggage, and

fled in great confusion in the direction of Huntsville, Arkansas. The union forces went into camp, to rest and attend to the melancholy duty of burying our dead. This was done by detail. The Federal loss in this battle was, killed 212; wounded, 972; prisoners and missing, 176; total, 1,360. The 22nd lost 9 killed and 32 wounded. The Confederate loss was reported at 1,900, including 382 prisoners that fell into our hands. Of the many brave and gallant dead of our regiment I may now individually speak. Of Col. John A. Hendricks, who was a faithful and esteemed personal friend, I cannot speak too highly. He was a man of good natural and acquired abilities, a classical scholar, a graduate of our State University, and a lawyer by profession. As a soldier and citizen he was true hearted, generous and kind. His manly nature scorned deception. Frank and just, no breath of suspicion ever rested on his good name. He possessed the modesty of real merit, beautifully and harmoniously united with true manliness of character. He never faltered in duty, and was ever ready to do good. He possessed excellent social qualities, an ardent temperament and a genial nature. His perceptive faculties were keen and discriminating, slow to decide but of firmness, of commanding personal appearance, and agreeable presence. He possessed the respect and confidence of the officers and men of his regiment. His body was sent to Indiana and buried with the civic and military honors due the rank of a colonel of infantry. He rests now in the cemetery of Madison, his native city.

As this is the anniversary of the battle of Pea Ridge, and as it was the first conflict in which the 22nd participated, I have entered somewhat into the details, deeming it a matter of interest to recount, in some degree, the incidents preceding and connected with the memorial battle. Remaining on and in possession of the field for a few days, our sick and wounded were removed twenty-five miles north to Cassville, and the army five miles to Cross Timbers,

near the south line of Missouri. The enemy withdrew into the mountains and left the Federal army masters of North-west Arkansas and South-west Missouri. On the 6th of April the army left Cross Timbers and started on the march across the Ozark mountains. At Bull's Mills Capt. Gooding joined the regiment, having been promoted to the rank of Major. Major Daily was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel. At Sulphur Rock, near Batesville, Gen. Davis received his commission as Brigadier-General. At this place on the 4th of May we received the news of the battle of Shiloh, and in a few days orders for Gen. Davis to march his brigade to the Mississippi river and thence by transports to Hamburg Landing, near Corinth. Reaching the Mississippi at Cape Girardeau, Mo., on the 20th the regiment embarked on the steamer War Eagle, moved down, entered the Ohio and up the Tennessee, the fleet arrived at Hamburg on the 25th. The brigade disembarked and under orders marched directly to the front and took position behind the entrenchments of Corinth. This place was evacuated on the night of the 29th of May. Beauregard's retreating army was pursued south to Booneville, in the neighborhood of which place we remained one week and then returned to Clear creek near Corinth. At this place, by a general order, our silver regimental cornet band was discharged from the service and returned to their homes in Indiana. The perils of battle, the hardships of the march and camp life, the common feelings of patriotism, and close association and friendship had endeared them to the entire regiment. We parted with them with regret.

I pass over the expeditions to Ripley and Bay Springs, the four weeks' encampment near Jacinto, during which time Major Gooding was commissioned Colonel and assumed command of the regiment. General Bragg, with a large force, had determined to invade the State of Kentucky, and if possible take and sack the city of Louisville. This made it necessary for Gen. Buell, our commander, to pursue and

if deemed prudent to bring him to battle. Our army crossed the Tennessee at Eastport in North-east Mississippi, marched to Florence, in Northern Alabama, thence by the military road 110 miles to Nashville, reaching there the 10th of September. The Confederates marched in nearly parallel columns, only a few miles distant, but both armies seemed more anxious to reach the Ohio river than to risk a battle. And thus it was for nearly 200 miles to Louisville.

Near the Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, it was thought the two armies would engage. So hard pressed was Bragg that he gave up the design of capturing Louisville and turned southward into the blue grass regions and commenced to plunder and pillage the country. Before reaching Green river Bragg had out-marched us, laid siege to the Federal garrison at Mumfordsville and captured the entire force of 4,000 men. These men were disarmed, paroled and the next morning marched into our lines as prisoners of war. The Confederates being now out of the way, Gen. Buell hurried on to Louisville, where the Union army was reinforced by 20,000 new troops. Here Gen. Davis, who had left on leave of absence in Mississippi, rejoined the army, and just as he was about to assume command of his division, the unfortunate personal difficulty took place between him and Gen. Nelson, resulting in the death of the latter. Every man in the 22nd deeply sympathized with Gen. Davis, and believed him fully justified in the course he pursued. While here Capt. Keith, who had been promoted to the position of Major, was commissioned Lieut.-Colonel. Hundreds of the "boys" took "fence furloughs" and visited their homes in the neighboring counties of Indiana. Starting from Louisville in pursuit of Bragg, Oct. 1st, on the 8th our advance attacked his forces at Perryville, in Boyle county, where was fought one of the most bloody battles of the war. The 22nd marched into line of battle under fire at three o'clock p. m., and fought till night, which put an end to the conflict. On calling the roll at 8 o'clock that night, to

nearly every other name in the regiment there was no answer. Fifty-two were killed, one hundred and thirty-seven wounded and forty-one taken prisoners. Colonel Gooding, commanding the brigade, was wounded and captured. I saw the brave Lieut.-Col. Keith, who commanded the regiment, fall from his horse shot through the chest. He requested to be carried to the rear where he died in a few minutes. Capt. Smith, Lieuts. Sibbits and Ridlen were killed at the head of their companies. Lieut. McBride, dangerously wounded, afterwards died. Upon the fall of Col. Keith, Capt. Tanner, acting as Major, took command of the regiment. During the night the Confederates retreated. Upon visiting the battle field next day a sad sight was presented to view. The dead of the 22nd, with hundreds from other regiments, lay just as they had fallen. Some with features calm and serene, others ghastly and distorted, some mangled and torn, others pierced by a single ball. Details were ordered, and by evening our brave comrades were consigned to their graves, and we who survived were again on the march in pursuit of the still retreating enemy, who had left their dead on the field to be buried by the Union army. We could not overtake them, they escaped from Kentucky, and the Federal army marched south to Nashville, where it was put in command of Gen. Rosecrans, who reorganized it preparatory to advancing on the Confederates, who, still under Bragg, had taken position at Stone river, near Murfreesborough, 30 miles south-east of Nashville.

I remember when at Louisville, in September, 1862, the honored father of Col. Keith came to see his son at the headquarters of the 22nd. A true patriot himself, he felt proud of his son who had just been promoted to the rank of Lieut.-Colonel. With words of encouragement and invoking the blessing of heaven upon Isham, he bade him a fond adieu and returned to his home in Indiana, little thinking that he was pressing for the last time in life the hand of his affectionate son. But so it was. In a few days

thereafter that son fell in a battle at Chaplain Hills. Col. Keith was a patriot not only from sentiment but so from sense of duty. I have often heard him say that he considered it the duty of every man to be loyal and to defend his country against all foes, whether foreign or domestic. He died young, but lived long enough to develop the true principles of manhood and the highest capacity for usefulness.

The great battle that opened at Stone river Dec. 31, 1862, was of such magnitude and importance as to interest and command the thoughtful consideration of the people from one extremity of the country to the other. This grandest and most sublime spectacle in human nature, the mighty shock of two opposing armies, was witnessed and participated in by the 22nd Indiana. Those of us who were there will never forget the mighty events that crowded themselves into the space of a few hours on the morning of the last day of the year, 1862. Four companies were deployed as skirmishers. The other six filled the space of the regiment before the advancing columns of the enemy. Col. Tanner rode forward fifty paces in advance to observe more closely the movements of the foe. Dismounting for a moment he was wounded and fell to the ground and in thirty minutes was made a prisoner by the columns of Bragg, who with treble our force rushed forward, bearing everything before them. We obstinately opposed their advance till columns were seen in plain view marching by the flank to our rear. Many of our men were already killed and wounded. Capt. Snodgrass, who afterward became Major and Colonel of the regiment, Capt. Powers, Adjutant Adams, myself and others, seeing the folly of attempting longer to remain in front of such an overwhelming force, held a brief consultation, and determined to yield the ground, falling back in as good order as possible, Snodgrass carrying the colors, and by common consent, commanding the fragment of the regiment remaining, Col. Gooding having become detached from the regiment in the confusion that every-

where prevailed throughout the entire right wing of the army. Fighting and falling back as we did until the last round of ammunition was exhausted, just then the brave and gallant Gen. Rousseau who was striving to restore order and check the advance of the enemy, rode up in our front, with his hat off, sword drawn and bold as a lion, commanded and exhorted the fugitives and retreating columns to reform their lines and drive back the exultant foe. Upon telling him that our ammunition was exhausted he told us to fall into the rear of his and Negley's divisions and they would protect us. In a short time our companies collected together under Col. Gooding, Major Shea brought in the four skirmish companies, and in the afternoon the 22nd resumed position in the front of the right wing. Col. Wm. M. Wiles, Provost Marshal of the Army of the Cumberland, and aid to Gen. Rosecrans, was of great service to us as well as to thousands of others on that day. Few men on the field were more active and more exposed to shot and shell than he.

On Thursday, 1st of January, 1863, the battle raged fiercely on the center; our forces holding their position and repelling charge after charge of the enemy. On Friday their main forces under Breckenridge was massed against our left. At 3 o'clock they came on like an avalanche. Davis' division, including the 22nd, was thrown forward across Stone river to support the left wing. The Confederates were repulsed and driven back in confusion, losing 2,000 men in 40 minutes. This virtually decided the great conflict. The constant and heavy rain of Saturday prevented aggressive movements on either side. The enemy had determined to abandon the contest. To cover their retreat, on Saturday evening at 8 o'clock they made a demonstration on our center in which they were repulsed with little loss to us. It cost the enemy the loss of Gen. Hanson and 500 men. At daylight Sunday morning Bragg was gone, the battle field of Stone river and the city of Murfreesborough were in possession of the Union army. In this

great battle the loss in killed and wounded was greater on both sides than in any other battle in which the 22nd participated during the war. According to the official report of Gen. Rosecrans, the Federal army lost in killed, officers 92, enlisted men 1,441, total 1,533; in wounded, officers 384, enlisted men 6,861, total 7,245. Total killed and wounded 8,778. This was over 20 per cent. of the entire force in action, his entire army, including infantry, cavalry and artillery, consisting of 46,940 men. Gen. Bragg, in his report of the same action, states his loss at over 10,000, 9,000 of whom were killed and wounded. The losses and exhaustion occasioned by such awful shocks as this require time to reorganize and recuperate. The army of the Cumberland remained encamped near Stone river till the 24th of June following, when Gen. Rosecrans ordered a forward movement on Tullahoma and Chattanooga. Making some stubborn resistance at Liberty and Hoover's Gaps, Bragg was flanked out of Shelbyville, Tullahoma and Chattanooga. Reinforced by Longstreet's corps from Virginia, he attacked Rosecrans at Chicamauga, Sept. 19 and 20, and under great disadvantages the latter was obliged to retire to Chattanooga and fortify himself in that place. Forming a part of the rear brigade, the 22nd took but little part in this memorable engagement. At the great battle of Missionary Ridge in the latter part of November following, the 22nd took a prominent part, contributed a liberal share of sacrifices upon the common altar of our country for the salvation of the Union. Bragg was driven from every position, Lookout Mountain was carried and the entire front cleared of all obstacles for 25 miles southward. This master stroke of generalship was planned and executed by Gen. Grant, who had lately been placed at the head of the Union army, Sherman coming up with the army of the Tennessee and acting in conjunction with the army of the Cumberland, then under the command of Gen. Thomas. Scarcely had the shouts of victory ceased to ring along the Federal lines, when Sher-

man with a strong force, including the 22d, pushed forward to the relief of Burnside, then closely besieged by an overwhelming force of the enemy at Knoxville, in East Tennessee. The siege was raised, the enemy driven eastward, Burnside relieved and the State of Tennessee occupied by the Union army. At Blaine's Cross Roads, Col. Gooding resigned, the regiment veteranized and returned on furlough to Indiana to receive the thanks of the State authorities, the hearty congratulations of kindred and friends, to enjoy the endearments of homes and families and a season of respite from the dangers and asperities of the tented field. Active operations in the field were for a time suspended. Grant and Sherman met at Cincinnati and planned the Atlanta and Virginia campaigns.

Early in April, 1864, the army of Gen. Sherman began to concentrate at Chattanooga and in the vicinity, preparatory to an advance on Atlanta. The 22nd, still in Davis' division, Palmer's corps, army of the Cumberland, Gen. Thomas commanding, encamped below the field of Chickamauga, near Lee and Gordon's mills. The veterans, and non-veterans and about 100 recruits formed a regiment fit for any duty to which they might be assigned. Col. Wm. M. Wiles was in command, with Major Shea, Will. A. Adams, Adjutant; E. B. Jones, Quartermaster; Joseph A. Stillwell, surgeon; J. P. Siddall and Nathaniel Beachley, assistant surgeons.

About the 5th of May the magnificent army of Gen. Sherman started forward on the memorable Atlanta campaign. There were not far from 90,000 men, most of them veterans, under experienced officers and with all the necessary appointments and equipments requisite to success. The principal battles and engagements, and even the details of this campaign are so familiar to the mind and interwoven with the experience of those who participated in it, that however disposed to do so, time will not warrant a recapitulation of these grand and stirring events on the present occasion. Gen. Joe Johnson,

with 60,000 men, disputed our advance night and day for four months. At Tunnel Hill, May 7th; Rocky Face, May 9th; battle of Resaca, May 15th, and at Rome, May 17th.

The city of Rome, Ga., was not on the direct route to Atlanta, but was situated 15 miles to the right at the junction of the Oustenaula and Hightower rivers. Here the Confederates had a division under Gen. French, protected by strong forts and earthworks. Gen. Davis' division was detached and ordered to take Rome. This was done on the afternoon of the 17th, after a spirited engagement of half an hour. While leading the charge Col. Wiles received a wound in the left arm from a musket ball. About the same time Major Shea was wounded in the throat. These officers both remained in their places till the action terminated in the flight of the enemy. Shea's wound proved but slight; Wiles', however, was serious and severe, disabling him from further service during the war, and resulting in permanent disability for life. Five men in the 22nd were killed and 14 wounded. Rejoining, the main army participated in the battle of Dallas, May 27th; Big Shanty. June 13th; charge on the enemy's works at Kennesaw Mountain, June 27th. In this action the regiment was commanded by Col. Snodgrass. Though the 22nd lost less in killed and wounded on this occasion than in other less important battles, this was undoubtedly the most fatal battle to the command, (McCook's brigade), that is anywhere recorded or impressed upon the memory of your speaker. Out of 2,100 rank and file, the brigade lost nearly 700 in killed, wounded and missing. Captain Fesler and Lieut. Mayfield were severely wounded. The brave Capt. Moss, of Co. G., was killed, with twelve of the non-commissioned officers and privates. Though we did not break their lines we took their rifle pits, and by the night of the 3rd of July would have mined and blown up their works, when the enemy again fell back to the Chatachoochie, and after a slight skirmish here on the 7th, retired behind their works

in front of Atlanta. On the 19th of July occurred the battle of Peach Tree creek. This will be remembered as a desperate engagement. Hood attempted to break our lines and drive Sherman back across the Chatahoochie. In this he failed, though inflicting considerable damage on our troops. Col. Shea received a severe wound, resulting in the loss of his fore-arm, disabling him for life.

The battle of Jonesboro, Sept. 1st, in which the brave Lieut. Lindson was killed, ended this celebrated campaign, broke the lines of the enemy and resulted in the fall and capitulation of Atlanta, and the occupation of the city by the Federal army, Sept. 2, 1864.

Though pages were not enough in which to recount the sufferings and heroic deeds, the love of country and patient endurance, it must be left to others at future reunions of the 22nd to chronicle the incidents, skirmishes and battles in which the regiment was engaged on its famous march with Sherman to the sea—the siege of Savannah, battle at Averysboro, and at Bentonville, and after the final surrender of Johnson's army, the triumphant march of the 14th corps, under Davis, now a Major-General, through Virginia to Washington, where early in the month of June, 1865, it was mustered out of the service, and returning to Indiana was publicly received by the citizens of Indianapolis on the 16th of June, addressed by Gov. Morton and Gen. Hovey, and others, after which it was finally discharged from the service.

Of all the regiments leaving Indiana and participating in the struggle of the great rebellion, the reports of Adjutant-General Terrell show that the losses in killed and wounded in action, among the field and line officers of the 22nd, exceeded those of any other Indiana regiment. In the ranks the proportion is equally large.

And now, comrades and brothers, having sketched a mere outline only of the regiment from its organization through its marches, skirmishes and battles

till the close of the war and final discharge of its members, noted the officers who were killed or wounded, allow me to mention the names of the non-commissioned officers and privates of the companies who fell a sacrifice upon the altar of their country, and who sleep, many of them in unmarked and unknown graves:

Company A, Gibbs and Henry; Co. B, Applegate, Allen, Brown, Burge, Mitchell, May, White, McConnell, Woodall and Blair; Co. C, Daggy, Adams, Bruner, Dubois, Hamilton, Reynold, Weddell and Whitehorn; Co. D, Serg't Watkins, Nandain, Dixon, Mitchell, Phifer, Stevens and Cansley; Co. E, Nicely, Madden, Drisland, Morrison, Mallin, Merrimon, Schmidt, Harrison, Hays and Love; Co. F, Davis, Longfellow, Cole, Cook, Ellis, Graham, Locke, Murray, Padgett, Plummer, Rogers, Simmonds, Sprague, Wilcox, Taylor and Womsley; Co. G, Albert, Bowler, Cummings, Henry, Keck, Kelley, Mayhold, Mikel, Rowen, Rucker, Selick and Ward; Co. H, Knox, Holmes, Somerville, John Clark, F. M. Clark, Harlow, Hooker, Rude, Sidebottom, Tallus and Baldwin; Co. I, Gardner, Miller, Coffey, Gray, Fulton, Pettus, Mayfield, Taylor, Clark and Lyon; Co. K, Henry, Alfrey, Abram, F. M. Alfrey, Adams, Wm. Banta, John Banta, W. A. Banta, three brothers, Coon, Hall, MaGee, Record, Sutton, Whitta and Pickett.

Besides those who died in battle, scores of others were wounded and afterward died in hospitals. Many fell by the hand of disease, dying in camp or hospital, far away from home and loved ones. Their names are familiar to us, and in memory we call up their features, and long as we live will we cherish the recollection of their brave deeds and heroic devotion. To the private soldier the fairest meed of praise is due. In the absence of instruction and discipline of old armies, and of the confidence which long association produces between veterans, we have in a great measure to trust to the individuality and self-reliance of the private soldier. Without the incentive or motive which controls the officer, who

hopes to live in history without the hope of reward, and actuated only by a sense of duty and patriotism, he has, in the great contest which is past, justly judged that the cause was his own, and went into it with a determination to suppress the Great Rebellion or to die, to save his country or not to be at all. No encomium is too high, no honor too great for such a soldiery. However much of credit and glory may be given, and probably justly given, to our leaders in this great struggle, history will yet award the main honor where it is due—to the private soldier, who, without hope of reward, and with no other incentive than a consciousness of rectitude, has encountered all the hardships and suffered all the privations of a four years' war that his country might still live and hold its high position among the nations of the earth. Those of us, men and officers, who survive, greet each other on this occasion with the feelings of a common brotherhood. We strike hands and greet each other as brothers. We talk of the field, the march, the bivouac and the battle. When first we met, there were no scarred faces, empty sleeves and shattered limbs. For a long time these mementoes of our sacrifices will meet our sight. Much as we have suffered and endured, there is not one here to-day who would have suffered less, or who does not look back with feelings of pride and patriotism when he thinks of what he has done for his country. I tell you, my comrades and brothers, that hard and dangerous as were the fatigues and difficulties of the long years of service in the war, I regard them as the most honorable and glorious of my life. While we who have returned, and who for years have eaten of the delicacies prepared by the hands of love and gratitude, as we meet at our reunions, we will call to mind the names and virtues of the unreturning. We will remember them with uncovered heads. We will cherish them in our memories and perpetuate their deeds upon the pages of history.

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